Impoſe me to what penance your inuention
Can lay vpon my ſinne, yet ſinnd I not,
But in miſtaking.
Prince By my ſoule nor I,
And yet to ſatisfie this good old man,
I would bend vnder any heauy waight,
That heele enioyne me to.
Leonato I cannot bid you bid my daughter liue,
That were impoſſible, but I pray you both,
Poſſeſſe the people in Meſſina here,
How innocent ſhe died, and if your loue
Can labour aught in ſad inuen ion,
Hang her an epitaph vpon her toomb,
And ſing it to her bones, ſing it to night:
To morrow morning come you to my houſe,
And ſince you could not be my ſon in law,
Be yet my nephew: my brother hath a daughter,
Almoſt the copie of my child thats dead,
And ſhe alone is heyre to both of vs,
Giue her the right you ſhould haue giu'n her coſin,
And ſo dies my reuenge.
Claudio O noble ſir!
Your ouer kindneſſe doth wring teares from me,
I do embrace your offer and diſpoſe,
For henceforth of poore Claudio.
Leonato To morrow then I wil expect your comming,
To night I take my leaue, this naughty man
Shal face to face be brought to Margaret,
Who I beleeue was packt in al this wrong,
Hyred to it by your brother.
Bor. No by my ſoule ſhe was not,
Nor knew not what ſhe did when ſhe ſpoke to me,
But alwayes hath bin iuſt and vertuous,
In any thing that I do know by her.
Conſt. Moreouer ſir, which indeede is not vnder white and blacke this plaintiffe heere, the offendour, did call me aſſe, I beſeech you let it be remembred in his puniſhment, and alſo the

the watch heard them talke of one Deformed, th
weares a key in his eare and a locke hanging by it, an
monie in Gods name, the which he hath vſde ſo long
paied, that now men grow hard hearted and wil len
for Gods ſake: praie you examine him vpon that po
Leonato I thanke thee for thy care and honeſt pai
Conſt. Your worſhip ſpeakes like a moſt thankf
uerent youth, and I praiſe God for you.
Leon. Theres for thy paines.
Conſt. God ſaue the foundation.
Leon. Goe, I diſcharge thee of thy priſoner, and
thee.
Conſt. I leaue an arrant knaue with your worſhi
beſeech your worſhip to correct your ſelfe, for the ex
others: God keepe your worſhip, I wiſh your wor
God reſtore you to health, I humblie giue you leaue
and if a merie meeting may be wiſht, God prohibite
neighbour.
Leon. Vntill to morrow morning, Lords, farewe
Brot. Farewell my lords, we looke for you to mo
Prince We will not faile.
Claud. To night ile mourne with Hero.
Leonato Bring you theſe fellowes on, weel talke w
garet, how her acquaintance grew with this lewd felo
Enter Benedicke and Margaret.
Bened. Praie thee ſweete miſtris Margaret, deſe
my hands, by helping me to the ſpeech of Beatrice.
Mar. Wil you then write me a ſonnet in praiſe of
tie?
Bene. In ſo high a ſtile Margaret, that no man li
come ouer it, for in moſt comely truth thou deſerue
Mar. To haue no man come ouer me, why ſha
keep below ſtaires.
Bene. Thy wit is as quicke as the grey-hounds
catches.
Mar. And your's, as blunt as the Fencers foiles,
but hurt not.